

The Chronicle History

He is maintaine the Bridge very gallantly:
There is an Ensigne there,
I do not know how you call him,
But by *Iesus* I thinke he is as valiant as *Marke Anthony*,
He doth maintaine the Bridge most gallantly;
Yet he is a man of no reckoning;
But I did see him do gallant seruice.

Gower. how do you call him?

Flew. his name is ancient *Pistoll*.

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Ancient Pistoll.

Flew. Do you not know him, here comes the man.

Pist. Captaine, I thee beseech to do me a fauour,
The Duke of *Exeter* doth loue thee well.

Flew. I, and I praise God I haue merited some loue at his hands.

Pist. *Bardolfe* a souldier, one of buxsome valour,
Hath by furious fare, and giddy Fortunes fickle wheele,
That God's blinde that stands vpon the rowling restlesse stone.

Flew. By your patience Ancient *Pistoll*,
Fortune looke you is painted plinde,
With a musler before her eyes,
To signifie to you, that Fortune is plinde:
And she is moreouer painted with a wheele,
Which is the Morall that Fortune is turning,
And inconstant, and variation, and mutabilities:
And her fare is fixed at a sphericall stone,
Which rolles, and rolles, and rolles;
Surely the Poet is make an excellent description of Fortune.

Fortune looke you is an excellent Morall.

Pist. Fortune is *Bardolfes* foe, and frownes on him,
For he hath stolne a packs, and hangd must he be;
A damned death, let gallowes gape for dogs,

Let

of Henry the first.

Let man go free, and let not death his windpipe stop.
But *Exeter* hath giuen the doome of death,
For packs of petty price:

Therefore go speake, the Duke will heare thy voice,
And let not *Bardolfes* vitall thred be cut,
With edge of penny cord, and vile approach.
Speake Captaine for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flew. Captaine *Pistoll*, I partly vnderstand your meaning.

Pist. Why then reioyce therefore.

Flew. Certainly Ancient *Pistoll*,

Tis not a thing to reioyce at,
For if he were my owne brother, I would wish the Duke
To do his pleasure, and put him to executions;
For looke you, disciplines ought to be kept,
They ought to be kept.

Pist. Die and be damned, and a fig for thy friendship.

Flew. That is good.

Pist. The figge of *Spaine* within thy law.

Flew. That is very well.

Pist. I say the fig within thy bowels & thy durty maw.

Exit Pistoll.

Flew. Captaine *Gower*, cannot you heare it lighten and thunder?

Gower. Why is this the Ancient you told me of?

I remember him now, he is a bawd, a cut-purse.

Flew. By *Iesus* he is vtter as prauce words vpon the bridge
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day;
But tis all one, what he hath sed to me,
Looke you, is all one.

Gower. Why this is a gull, a foole, a rogue
That goes to the wars onely to grace himselfe
At his returne to London:

And such fellowes as he,
Are perfect in great Commanders names.
They will learne by rote where seruices were done,
At such and such a sconce, at such a breach,

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